

a shot at a hundred and fifty yards, in shooting a good stag, with fair, though not large horns. This made up for the bad luck of the previous day, when I missed fire at a stag, eventually wounding and losing him. The stag I shot was in excellent condition, and the fat on his haunches more than two inches in thickness. We roasted a haunch on the following Sunday and it took us nearly all day before it was cooked; but of all the venison I ever tasted in my life, that was the most excellent. Though there were more deer in the hills than in the low lands, their number was small, and some days we never even saw one. Very different would have been the case fifteen years ago, before they had been destroyed to such an extent.

Our general plan of hunting was as follows: We set out at daylight in opposite directions, with an Indian each; carrying a small kettle, dried meat, bread, &c. After hunting until near nine o'clock, I always stopped and had breakfast, which lasted me through the day. We tried the plan of a very early breakfast before starting, but at that hour one cannot eat much, and after four hours walk a second meal